

MOHAVE COUNTY MINER.

VOL. 1.

MINERAL PARK, A. T., SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1883.

12.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Territorial.

Governor—F. A. Tittle, Prescott.
Secretary—J. W. Van Arman, Prescott.
Treasurer—Thomas J. Butler, Prescott.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—W. B. Horton, Tucson.
Auditor—E. P. Clark, Prescott.
Supreme Court—C. G. W. French, Chief Justice, Prescott; Daniel H. Pinney, Associate Justice, Phoenix; W. W. Hoover, Associate Justice, Tucson.
U. S. District Attorney—J. A. Zabriskie, Tucson.
U. S. Marshal—Leon S. Tidball, Prescott.
Supreme Court Reporter—Murat Masterman, Prescott.
Surveyor General—J. W. Robbins, Tucson.
U. S. Internal Revenue Collector—Fisher, Tucson.
Delegate to Congress—G. H. Oury, Florence.
Judge of First Judicial District—W. W. Hoover, Tucson.
Judge of Second Judicial District—Daniel H. Pinney, Phoenix.
Judge of Third Judicial District—C. G. W. French, Prescott.

County.

Sheriff—Robert Steen.
District Attorney—W. G. Blakely.
Recorder—J. K. Mackenzie.
Treasurer—W. M. Kridler.
Court Commissioner—W. H. Cureton.
Probate Judge—Chas. Atchisson.
Public Administrator—J. J. Hyde.
Supervisors—W. H. Hardy, W. F. Grounds and M. W. Henkle.
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors—H. Buksbaum.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOS. P. HARGRAVE, District Attorney.
J. MONROE ROBINSON, Assist. Dist. Atty.
W. S. MCPHEETERS, Assist. U. S. Dist. Atty.
JOS. W. ROBINSON, Assist. & Notary Public.
Hargrave, McPheters, Robinson & Robinson.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Prescott, Arizona.

E. L. BURDICK, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Mineral Park, A. T.

W. G. BLAKELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Mineral Park, A. T.

CHURCHILL & DANN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Prescott, A. T.

J. W. STEPHENSON,

Attorney & Counselor at Law

District Attorney & Notary Public.

Mineral Park, A. T.

A. E. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Mineral Park, A. T.

Union Pass Station.

This station has changed hands and is now under the management of

WILLIAM REED.

HAY & BARLEY

ALWAYS ON HAND.

The Purest water in the County.

Meals at all Hours.

The table will be under the supervision of Mrs. Reed and will be supplied with the best the market affords.

STORMING CHAPULTEPEC.

A Thrilling Story of the Mexican War—Captain Maine Reid's Account of How He Led the Stormers Who Took the Castle

The famous novelist, Capt. Maine Reid, a native of the county Antrim, Ireland, now a resident in England, has been compelled to correct certain misrepresentations indulged in by ambitious correspondents, relative to the part he took in the Mexican War, especially at the storming of Chapultepec Castle, which commanded the Capital on the morning of September 13, 1846. In a letter to a newspaper recently published, the gallant Irish soldier gives the following straightforward and stirring account of the famous and decisive assault:

On the day when Chapultepec was stormed (Sept. 13, 1846) I was in command of the grenadier company of the Second New York Volunteers—my own—and a detachment of United States marines acting with us as light infantry; my orders being to stay by and guard a battery we built on the southern side of the Castle during the night of the 11th and which did good work on the 12th. It was about 1,000 yards from and directly in front of the Castle's main gate, through which our shot went crashing all that day. The final assault had been fixed for the morning of the 13th, a storming party of 500 men, or "forlorn hope," as it was called, having volunteered for this dangerous duty. They were not exclusively regulars, as the letter-writer asserts, but of all arms of the service, a Captain of regular infantry having charge of them, with a Lieutenant of Pennsylvania volunteers as his second in command. At an early hour the three divisions of our army—Worth's, Pillow's, and Quitman's—closed in upon Chapultepec, our skirmishers driving the enemy's outposts before them, some of these retreating up the hill and into the castle, others passing around it and on towards the city. It was now expected that our storming party would do the work assigned to it, and for which it had volunteered. Standing by our battery, at this time necessarily silent, with the artillery and engineer officers who had charge of it—Lieutenants Huger and Hagner—we three watched the advance of the attacking line, the puffs of smoke from musketry and rifles indicating the exact point to which it had reached. Anxiously we watched it. I need not say, nor add that our anxiety became apprehension when we saw that about half way up the slope there was a halt—something impeding its forward movement. Now, sir, for the motive that led me to act as I did, and which the newspaper correspondent has so much misconstrued. I knew that if Chapultepec were not taken neither would the city be, and, failing in this, not a man of us might ever leave the Valley of Mexico alive. Worth's injudicious attempts upon the intrenchments of Molino del Rey—to give it no harsher name—our first retreat during the campaign—had greatly demoralized our men, while reversely affecting the Mexicans, inspiring the latter with a courage they had never felt before. And there were 30,000 soldiers of them to our 10,000—three to one—to say nothing of a host of rancheros in the country around and lepers in the city, all exasperated against us, the invaders. We had become aware, moreover, that Alvarez, with his spotted Indians (Pintos), had swung around in our rear and held the mountain passes behind us, so that retreat upon Pueblo would have been impossible. This was not my belief alone, but that of every intelligent officer in the army, the two who stood beside me feeling as sure of it as myself. And this certainty it was, combined with the slow progress of the attacking force, which determined me to take part in the assault—that and nothing else. As the senior engineer officer outranked me, it was necessary I should have his leave to forsake the battery—now needing no further defense. Leave was freely and instantly given with the words: "Go, and God be with you."

The Mexican flag was still waving triumphantly over the castle and the line of smoke puffs had not got an inch nearer. Nor was there much change in the situation when, after a quick run across the intervening ground with my following of volunteers and marines, we came up with the storming party at halt and irregularly aligned along the base of the hill. For what reason they were

staying there we knew not—though I afterward heard that it was some trouble about scaling ladders. I did not pause to enquire, but, breaking through their line with my brave followers, pushed on up the slope. Near its summit we found a scattering of soldiers, some of them in the gray uniform of the Voltigeur regiment, others Ninth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Infantry men. They were the skirmishers who had thus far cleared the way for us, and far ahead of the "forlorn hope." But beyond lay the real area of danger—a sloping ground, some forty yards in width, between us and the castle's outward wall—in short, the glacis. It was commanded by three pieces of cannon on the parapet, which swept it with grape and cannister as fast as they could be loaded and fired. There seemed no chance for us to advance further without meeting certain death; but it would be death all the same if we did not—such was my thought and conviction at that moment. Just as I reached this point there was a momentary lull, which made it possible to be heard, and the words I then spoke, or rather shouted, are remembered by me as though it were but yesterday: "Men! if we don't take Chapultepec the American army is lost. Let us charge up to the walls!"

A voice answered: "We'll charge if anyone leads us!" another adding: "Yes, We're ready!"

At that instant the three guns on parapet belched forth their deadly showers almost simultaneously. My heart bounded with joy at hearing them go off thus together. It was our opportunity, and, quickly comprehending it, I leaped over the scarp which had sheltered us, calling out: "Come on! I'll lead you!"

It did not need looking back to know that I was followed. The men I had appealed to were not the sort to stay behind, else they would not have been there, and all came after. When about half way across the open ground I saw the parapet crowded with Mexican artillerymen, in uniform of dark blue with crimson facings, each musket in hand, and all aiming, as I believed, at my own person. There was a reason for their so concentrating their fires which I need not here enter into. The volley was almost as one sound, and I avoided it by throwing myself flat along the earth, just in the nick of time, only getting touched on the fingers of my sword hand, another shot passing through the loose cloth of my overalls. Instantly on my feet again, I made on to the wall, there to get tumbled over by the bullet of an escopet, about an ounce in weight, that went tearing through my thigh. But only a few scattering shots were fired after, as the scaling ladders now came up; some scores of men went swarming over the parapet, and Chapultepec was ours. My Lieutenant, Hyacinthe Desdenville, a young Frenchman, modest as brave, dragged the Mexican flag down from its staff. He died in New York, without any record of the deed or word said about it—save in an obituary penned by my own hand in an obscure magazine of which I was the editor.

And now, sir, I must crave your pardon, as that of the American public, for troubling you with this personal matter and the details of a deed I had never intended to publicly speak of much less boasting about. The doing so is to me more repugnant than pleasant, I can assure you; but acts and motives have been imputed to me which I cannot, should not rest silent under; and this, I hope, will plead my justification. Captain Reid fortifies his statement with several letters from officers who were engaged in the battle, and who witnessed his heroism.—Press me on our office forbids us the pleasure of reproducing them.

CALICO DISTRICT.—This comparatively new mining district, in San Bernardino county, is thus hopefully spoken of by the Colton Semi-Tropic: Calico has passed through its most discouraging experience and is now fairly started on the road to prosperity. The activity in mining operations is constantly increasing. Assessment work is being done on a great many claims; valuable claims are being sold to parties who have the money to develop them; extensive and substantial improvements are being made on the principal mines; good roads are being built which are accessible to all of the best mines; the Oriental mill is rapidly approaching completion; the railroad is completed, depot buildings six

miles from town have been erected, and we now have rapid communication with the rest of the world; in town buildings have been enlarged, and preparations are now being made to erect other buildings; stores are increasing their stocks of goods; the travel to this place is increasing; the hotels and lodging houses are doing a good business; and in short, all the various business enterprises in this vicinity are gradually growing in importance, and we may safely predict that before many months the mining operations here will be extensive, and will support a large and flourishing town.

PAYS.—The silver lead of the Richmond Con. mine, Eureka district, yield from 1871 to December 31, 1880, aggregated 20,564 tons, whose assay value in gold and silver footed up \$20,425,600, and the value of the 50,000 and odd tons of refined lead produced at the refinery up to the latter date, produced in round numbers \$4,400,000, which, added to the precious metal values, gives the grand total sum of \$24,825,600. Out of this vast product the company have disbursed nearly \$4,000,000 in quarterly dividends, besides paying large sums for litigation and for the purchase and construction of the magnificent refinery plant, and for the purchase of additional locations. Mining and Scientific Press.

SINKING FUND NOTICE.

Office of the Treasurer of Mohave Co., Arizona.
Mineral Park, Jan. 8th, 1883.
Bids for the surrender of Mohave County Warrants will be received by me until 2 o'clock P. M. January 23d, A. D. 1883.
Amount in the Sinking Fund to be bid for is Eleven Hundred and Sixty One Dollars and three cents (\$1161.03).
Bids must be accompanied by the Warrants offered to be surrendered, addressed to the County Treasurer and endorsed "Sinking Fund."
W. M. KRIDER, Treasurer.
By Jno. P. Kamm, Deputy.

YOUNG & FARLEE,

Feed Corral,

Saloon and Restaurant.

Water for Teamsters

ALWAYS ON HAND,

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

GEORGE H. CURRY,

Watchmaker and Dealer in

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE.

Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

Also agent for Royal St. John Sewing Machine.
Largest Line of Guns, Pistols and Ammunition in Northern Arizona.
Prescott, A. T.

A. J. MASON,

Dealer in Saddles, Harness,

BOOTS & SHOES

And Everything in the Leather Line.

Prescott, A. T.

O. F. KUENCER,

Assayer & Analytical Chemist.

Office: Lone Star Concentrator.

Assaying in all its Branches.

Gold and Silver Bullion
Melted into Bars
And Stamped.

Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A FINE STOCK RANGE

with water sufficient for

1,000 Head of Cattle.

There are three running springs on the range which is situated about two miles and a half from Co. on Station in a north westerly direction. There is a good cabin on the ranch and an abundance of feed and timber. 500 cords of wood can be cut from it. Apply to Jonathan Adams, Miner Park, or to this office.

ATCHISSON'S STORE

Magnolia

SALOON

W. S. CLARK.

Having recently brought from San Francisco a full line of

The finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Gents Furnishing Goods,

Billiard and Pool Table

OVERALLS, CLOTHING

Would say to my friends of Mohave Co. that I am ready at all times to supply their wishes.

And a fine lot of

Fall and Winter Suits,

CALL AND SEE

Me and you

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Blankets,

WILL BE SATISFIED THAT

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

THE MAGNOLIA

I am prepared to sell at reduced prices. The public are cordially invited to give me a call.

IS UP TO THE TIMES

CHAS. ATCHISSON.

W. S. CLARK.

S. L. Stanley.

John Spruance.

SPRUANCE, STANLEY & CO.,

Importers and wholesale Dealers in

FINE OLD KENTUCKY WHISKY, WINES AND LIQUORS.

ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

AFRICAN STOMACH BITTERS,

The Finest Tonic and Appetizer in the World.

410 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE ARIZONA SAMPLING CO.,

Buyers of all Grades of Ores,

Sampling Works at Kingman, Arizona.

We are now ready to receive and Sample all kinds of Ore.

Highest Market Prices Paid for

GOLD, SILVER, LEAD AND COPPER ORES

ORES SOLD AND PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

CHAMBERLAIN, General Manager

Advertise in the MOHAVE COUNTY MINER and be Happy!